On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin.
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their Helmets, & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt.
What with our Counſell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be foyld
With that deare blood which it hath beene foſtered:
And for our eies do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride,
Of skie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp with boyſtrous vntuned drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore we baniſh you our territories.
You Cooſin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me,
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guild my baniſhment.
King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (A